

# The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XX.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1855.

NUMBER 5.

## THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BROWN'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.

J. H. BARRETT & J. COBB,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

### TERMS.

THE REGISTER will be sent one year, by mail, or delivered at the office, where payment is made *strictly in advance*, for \$1.50. Delivered by carrier, *paid strictly in advance*, 2.00. If not paid within six months 50 cts. additional.

NO paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the proprietors.

ALL communications must be post-paid. V. B. Palmer is agent for this paper in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

### BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

Done in modern style and at short notice.

### Poetry.

For the Register.

"Son, amour, des secrets que nous ne connaissons point." *PARIS.*

"His love has secrets we know not."

The rainbow's formed upon the cloud,  
That cloud reflects the love forgot  
Amid the quaking thunder-land.

The stormy hush reveals the roan,  
The storm protects the gentle flower,  
And every wind that on it blows,  
Bears off a sweetness thro' the bow.

In depths of grief and keenest woe,  
Our hearts rejoice at Providence;  
But then our feeble minds should know,  
God's love is sweet Omnipotence.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

When troubles rise and dash on high,  
Like waves that break upon the sea,  
Remember then his love is nigh,  
And will restore tranquility.

His love is sweet Omnipotence too,  
It knows all secrets depths of woe;  
And hidden remedies you view,  
As more of secret love you know.

## Miscellaneous.

### Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The following is from the *London Weekly Chronicle* of April 28:

The following extracts from a letter addressed by Mrs. Stowe to a friend in this country, in answer to an inquiry for some particulars of her early life, give an account of the origin of the world-renowned "Uncle Tom's Cabin." After a playful description of her personal appearance—an account of her marriage with Professor Stowe, at the age of twenty-five—her settlement at Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, in Ohio, and the increase of her family, she says:

"The most beautiful of these (her children) and the most beloved, Henry, lived near my Cincinnati residence. It was at his dying bed, and at his grave, that I learnt what a poor slave-master may feel when his child is torn from her. In the depths of my sorrow, which seemed immeasurable, it was my only prayer to God that such anguish might not be suffered in vain.

There were circumstances connected with this child's death of such peculiar bitterness—of what might seem almost cruel suffering—that I felt I could never be consoled for it, unless it should appear that the crushing of my own heart might enable me to work out some great good to others.

His death took place during the cholera season, when in a circle of five miles around me nine thousand were buried—a mortality which I have never heard exceeded anywhere.

My husband, in feeble health, was obliged to be absent the whole time, and I had sole charge of a family of fifteen persons. He could not return to me because I would not permit it; for in many instances where parents had returned from a distance to their families and the infected atmosphere, the result had been sudden death, and the physician warned me that if he returned, it would only be to die. My poor Charlie died for want of timely medical aid; for, in the universal confusion and despair that prevailed, it was often impossible to obtain assistance till it was too late.

I allude to this bereavement, because I believe that much that is in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had its root in the awful scenes and bitter sorrows of that summer. It has left now, I trust, no trace in my mind, except a deep compassion for the sorrowful, especially for mothers who are separated from their children.

During long years of struggling with poverty, sickness, and a hot, debilitating climate, my children grew up around me. The nursery and the kitchen were my principal fields of labor. Some of my friends, pitying my toil, sent some of my sketches to certain liberally-paying animals, with my name. With the first money that I earned this way I bought a feather bed! For, as I had married into poverty, and without a dowry, and as my husband had only a large library of books, and a great deal of learning, this bed and pillow were thought on the whole the most profitable investment.

I now thought I had discovered the philosopher's stone, and when a new carpet or mattress was needed, or when at the close of the year it began to be evident that my family accounts like David's, "wouldn't add up," then I used to say to my faithful friend and factotum, Anna, who shared all my joys and sorrows, "Now, if you'll keep the ladies quiet, and attend to all the things in the house for one day, I'll write a piece, and then we shall be out of the scrape!" And so I became an authoress! Very modest at first, I do assure you, and remembering very seriously with the friends who had thought it best to put my name to my productions, by way of getting up a reputation.

During my life at the West I lived two miles from the city of Cincinnati, in the country; and domestic service, not always to be found in the city, is next to impossible to be obtained in the country, even by those who are willing to give the highest wages. So what was to be expected for me, who had very little of this world's goods to offer? Had I not been for my inexpressible friend Anna, a noble-hearted English girl, who landed on our American shores in destitution and sorrow, and who claved unto me as Ruth unto Naomi, I had never lived through all the toil which this uncertainty and absolute want of domestic service imposed upon me. You may imagine, therefore, how glad I was when about a dozen families of liberated negroes came and settled in our vicinity. They became my favorite resorts in cases of emergency.

If anybody wants to have a black face look handsome, let them be left as I have been—in feeble health, in oppressive heat, with a sick baby in her arms, and two or three other little ones in the nursery, and not a single servant in the whole house to do a single turn. And when if they should see good Aunt Frankie coming in, with her honest bluff, black face, her long, strong arms, her chest as big and stout as a barrel, and her hilarious, hearty laugh—perfectly delighted to take one's washing and do it at a fair price, they would appreciate the beauty of black people.

My cook, poor Eliza, was a regular epitome of slave life in herself; fat, easy, gentle, loving and lovable; always calling my modest house "The place," as if it had been a plantation with seven hundred hands on it. Her way of arranging the kitchen was at first like Dinah's, though she imbibed our ideas more rapidly, and seemed more ready to listen to my suggestions than did that dignitary. She had lived through the whole sad story of a Virginia-raised slave's life. She

must have been in her youth a very handsome mulatto girl. Her voice was sweet, her manners refined and agreeable. She was raised in a good family as nurse and seamstress.

When the family became embarrassed, she was suddenly sold to be sent to a plantation in Louisiana. She has often told me how, without any warning, she was forced into a carriage, and saw her little mistress screaming and stretching her arms from the window towards her, as she was driven away. She has told me of scenes on the Louisiana plantations, and how she has often been out in the night by stealth, ministering to poor slaves who have been mangled or lacerated by the whip. From Louisiana she was sold into Kentucky, and her last master was the father of all her children. On this point she always maintained a delicacy and reserve which, though it is not at all uncommon among slave women, appears to me remarkable.

She always called her master her husband, and spoke of him with the same apparent feeling with which any woman regards her husband; and it was not till after she had lived with him some years that I discovered accidentally the real nature of the relation. I shall never forget how sorry I felt for her, nor my feelings at her humble apology—"You know, Mrs. Stowe, slave women can't help themselves." She had two very pretty quadroon daughters, with beautiful hair and eyes—interesting children, whom I had instructed in the family school with my children.

Time would fail to tell you all I have learned incidentally of the slave system, in the history of various slaves who came into my family, and of the workings of the underground railroad, which I may say ran through my barn.

ANOTHER EXTRACT.—From a translation from the German of Dr. Tiedemann, which has appeared in the *Boston Medical Journal* and more recently in the *New York Dental Recorder*, we make a few extracts, a short digest, more curious, perhaps than new. A Hungarian arsenic miner had taken his dose of arsenic regularly from his twenty-seventh to his sixty-third year, and had only stopped after an arsenicating acquaintance had died of dropsy, (the frequent result of that labor) from fear that he too might fall from the same disease. This man commenced with a fragment of this most deadly mineral poison about the size of a flaxseed, and for many years did not go beyond the amount of four grains, having once been made sick by an attempt to increase the dose. During all the time that he was addicted to taking arsenic, he was only once, and from necessity, his absence from the habit caused him great inconvenience. The whole amount which he took during thirty-five years must have been from twenty to twenty-two ounces, and like all regular arsenic eaters, he observed the lunar phases, and took it mostly at the time of the new moon tapering off to abstinence at the moon waned. Another case is related of a man about fifty-five years of age, who has never been very seriously ill, though he was always hoarse. The manner of taking arsenic differs with the individual. Some take their dose all at once and let it dissolve slowly in the mouth. Others powder and sprinkle it on a piece of bread or hard. The elements of arsenic and other minerals find the use of arsenic almost indispensable to facilitate breathing in the ascent of high mountains, and these take it without regard to the lunar phases. The miners of this poison take a small quantity daily before going into the mines, to prevent the evil effects of the mineral upon the system while at the labor. Many grocers and farmers deem it indispensable to a fine condition among their animals, and those who are acquainted with its use, give it regularly to their horses, often to cattle, and not unfrequently to swine, to promote fattening; observing the same general conditions as in its use among men. One peculiar quality of this mineral upon all who take it is its fattening power. A continued use of it, however, in all cases is deadly to vitality, and those addicted to its horrible use, "insensibly increase the amount as in opium eating and alcoholic stimulation, until the nerves and entire structure of the system, in fact, are quite exhausted.

A verbatim copy of a letter from a chief magistrate of a certain corporation: "Dear Sir.—On Monday next I am to be made a Maré, and shall be much obliged to you, if so be, as you will send me down by the Coach, some provisions fitting for the occasion, and I am to ask my brother the old Maré, and the rest of the Bench. I am, sir, etc." The above was answered by a wag into whose hands it fell, as follows: "Sir.—In obedience to your orders, I have sent per coach, two bushels of the best oats; and, as you are to treat the Old Maré, have added some bran to make a mash. Yours."

As a singing master was on his way to fulfil an engagement in a town in the Connecticut valley, a few days ago, he unfortunately happened to sneeze as he was passing a bridge over a deep ditch, throwing the false teeth from his mouth into water from ten to fifteen feet deep. The result was that the engagement had to be postponed, for the master could not sing with an empty mouth.

We have observed many tumblers through life, but have invariably noticed that it is the man who mounts the highest horse that receives the least pity when he falls.

### "Awful Disclosure."

The *Buffalo Express* publishes what purports to be "the genuine Ritual of the First, Second and Third Degrees of the Know Nothing Order." Whether the publication is original or not, we have seen nothing in a long time, containing better sense, purer patriotism or wiser counsel. We make a single extract, which is from "the charge to be given by the President" to Third Degree Members. If it is a fair sample, as it appears to be, of the horrid forms and treasonable teachings of the Know Nothings, then we think good men very generally will bid them all speed and success. We quote:—

Our object is briefly this—to perfect an organization, modeled after that of the constitution of the United States, and co-extensive with the Confederacy. Its objects and principles, in all matters of national concern, to be uniform and identical, whilst in all local matters, the component parts shall remain independent and sovereign within their respective limits.

The great result to be attained—the only one which can secure a perfect guarantee as to our future—is UNION—permanent, enduring, fraternal UNION. Allow me then to impress upon your minds and memories the touching sentiment of the Father of His Country in his Farewell Address: "The unity of Government which constitutes you one people," says Washington, "is justly dear to you, for it is the main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, your prosperity, even that Liberty you so justly prize."

It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union, to your collective and individual happiness. You should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now bind together the various parts.

Let these words of paternal advice and warning, from the greatest man that ever lived, sink deep into your hearts. Cherish them, and teach your children to reverence them, as you cherish and reverence the memory Washington himself. The union of these States is the great conservator of our liberty so dear to the American heart. Without it, our greatness as a nation, would disappear, and our boasted self-government prove a signal failure. The very name of Liberty and the hopes of struggling freedom throughout the world, must perish in the wreck of this Union! Devote yourselves then to its maintenance, as our fathers did to the cause of independence; consecrating to its support, as you have sworn to do, your lives, your fortunes and your sacred honors!

CONGRESSIONAL MORALITY.—We were infinitely amused three or four weeks ago by a practical joke in Washington city upon a number of nice men in Congress. It was too good to be left unpublished.

A couple of merry fellows, one of them a distinguished member of Congress from a southern State, and the other a distinguished ex-editor from Kentucky, concocted a letter purporting to be addressed by a young lady to a very fine looking gentleman. It was got up in first rate style. The pretended young lady set forth therein that she had several times seen the gentleman she was addressing, that she was captivated by his fine face and manly form, that her heart was deeply touched by all she saw and heard of him; that she must make his acquaintance before his departure from the city, that she hoped and prayed he would forgive her seeming boldness as it was the first impudent act of her life, that she had always moved and was still moving in the highest circles of the capital, that she would be upon a certain square of a certain street at precisely 12 o'clock on the following day, in a dress which she described with great peculiarity, and that she hoped and trusted he would meet her and thus afford her an opportunity of a brief personal intercourse with the idol of her heart. The two wags had between thirty and forty copies of this letter written by a female friend of theirs, and they sent these copies to between thirty and forty members of Congress, selecting those of course, who were known to entertain a very exalted opinion of their own personal fascinations.

Everything being thus arranged the two jokers called upon us and another young gentleman, explained what they had done, and invited us to get into their carriage, ride with them to the point of designation, and see the sights. We unhesitatingly consented, and we saw sights sure enough. Riding upon the designated square, we beheld the whole of the thirty or forty members, Northern men and Southern men, Whigs, Democrats, and Know Nothings, walking to and fro, all gazing earnestly in every direction and at every female figure, to discover the object of their anxious search.

We concluded that, if a few more copies of the letter had been sent to the members of the House of Representatives, the house would have had to adjourn for the want of a quorum.—*Louisville Journal.*

WOODING MORRIS WIVES.—The Morning editor of the *Deseret News* thus tells the people of Christendom how strangers can become ingratiated:

"If a gentleman wishes to associate with our females, let him repent and be baptized for the remission of sins. But this alone will not insure his success, for many have submitted themselves to the ordinance of baptism and have added damnation to themselves by hypocritically bowing to certain rites and ceremonies with motives other than to glorify God and save themselves from this untoward generation. Let these go forth and preach the gospel to the nations, like the Mormon Elders, without purse or scrip. Let them be mobbed, tarred and feathered, and whipped a few times for Christ's sake, and not for their own follies; and return, after a few years' labor, clear in conscience, pure in heart, and unspotted from the world. If they can do these things, and endure, they may begin to associate with our females, and seek among them a companion and partner for the life that now is, and for that which is to come."

This opens a field for enterprising young men, not to be found in every part of the world. If the Mormon ladies insist upon such demonstrations of love and purity, it is no wonder that polygamy is a part of their religion, for their "true loves" must, of necessity, be scarce, unless these ladies are far more attractive than those of other denominations.

"The pages of our to-day's history will be full of this," said old Roger, throwing down the paper he had been reading. "Can you tell me, said he, 'why the present time is like a certain stage in a woman's life?' This was asked of the Brahmin Poo-Poo, who was watching through the window the efforts to inveigle a cat into a slip noose hanging over a hole in the fence. The Brahmin, as he stroked his long beard, said, by the power of Buddha, he could not tell for the life of him. "It is because it is the historical period," Mrs. Partington, who was darning a stocking, laid it down on her lap and raised her needle to a perpendicular, like a lance in rest. "Did you ever see such doings?" said she, "it seems as if folks had set ashore and drunk ardent drink. There don't seem hardly virtue enough in our house of reprehensibles to save 'em from the fate of Sodom To-morrow. Only look at 'em," continued she, with her eyes on an imaginary convalescent somewhere near the centre of the white washed ceiling. "One half of 'em investigating the doings and undings of the other half, and heaven knows where it will end. If our blessed States is the great conservator of our liberty so dear to the American heart. Without it, our greatness as a nation, would disappear, and our boasted self-government prove a signal failure. The very name of Liberty and the hopes of struggling freedom throughout the world, must perish in the wreck of this Union! Devote yourselves then to its maintenance, as our fathers did to the cause of independence; consecrating to its support, as you have sworn to do, your lives, your fortunes and your sacred honors!"

WHAT AN INTELLIGENT GERMAN THINKS OF THE KNOW NOTHING.—Mr. Valentine Heckler, a German, now residing in Richmond, has published a letter in which he says: "If I was at my native home in Germany, and an American citizen was to come there and set himself up for an office, I should not feel that he had any right to complain of me, and feel unkindly towards me because I prefer my own countrymen to him, and I think it would be a very hard matter for any American to get an office where I came from that was worth anybody's having, and for that reason I don't complain because Americans choose to have their country controlled by their own people in preference to no man." Again he says: "As for proscription, I don't see that, as a German, I am any more proscribed by the Know Nothings, than, as a whig, I was proscribed by the Democrats." And in another place he says: "I am under greater obligations to the natives, than I am to foreigners—and therefore mean to vote with them. I have been three times ruined since I have been here—twice by fire and once by robbery—and have been three times re-established in business, and every time by the native Whigs and Democrats; and no fellow countryman of mine ever yet lent me any aid in my distress, and therefore, they have no claim on me to support them for office, that by the way, they will never get, and if any of my countrymen are weak and silly enough to let the Democrats use them as tools for their own purposes, up to time of the election, and then be laughed at for their folly, they may do it, but they don't catch me in any such trap."

AN UNANSWERABLE REASON.—A little Irish girl who had learned to read the Testament, was asked by a priest if she knew what she did not. On replying that she did not, he asked her the account of Jesus tarrying after the visit to the temple, and his mother's anxiety, and said: "If Mary did not know where Jesus was, I am sure that she could not hear me if I should pray to her."

A POETIC APPLICATION.—We have the poetry of the sea and of the land, of the feelings and of the passions; and why not the poetry of pensions? Yesterday the chief clerk of the Pension Office showed us an application for bounty land, written in doggerel verse, and covering some six pages of foolscap. As the Pension Bureau deal only in facts and figures, it is not likely that the applicant will help matters to any considerable extent by this liberal display of his poetic gifts.—*Washington Union.*

### First Merino Sheep in the U. S.

Although the honor of first introducing Merino sheep into the United States from Spain, has generally been accredited to Hon David Humphreys, late minister to the Court of Madrid, it will appear from the following extract of a letter from Wm. Foster, dated at Boston, November 23, 1833, that they were brought to this country nine years before.

"In April, 1793, on returning from Cadix, where I had been passing several years, I brought out an original painting by Murillo, and three Merino sheep—two ewes and a ram; the export of which at that time was severely prohibited, and attended with much difficulty and risk. We had a long passage, (seventy-five days), and the sheep were in a dying condition. Fortunately, there was on board a Frenchman, that had been with the Spanish shepherds, who cured them by administering injections."

COST OF KEEPING SHEEP.—The yearly expense of keeping sheep in Vermont is stated by a writer in the Patent Report at \$1.30 per head. In Wisconsin it is put at 50 cents a head. In Missouri at 40 cents; in Maine at \$1; in Virginia at 45 cents. The Shaker Society in Kentucky rate the cost there at from 50 to 75 cents per head.

### SUPERIORITY OF AMERICAN OVER BRITISH HORSES FOR CAVALRY.

During the Canadian rebellion, the English sent over to those provinces a considerable body of cavalry. Many of these horses died on the voyage, and they were compelled to mount their men by purchases in New York, Vermont and New Hampshire, along the borders of Canada. These animals I saw in Montreal, in exercise. They were specimens of the middling-sized Morgan, with striking marks of blood; and Colonel Shirley, of the 7th Hussars, informed me in 1842 that they were the best cavalry horses for all work he had ever seen; so good, he said, that they were not to be sold when the regiment went home, but to be taken to England for use."

VALUE OF FARMS IN DIFFERENT STATES.—The National Intelligencer gives the following statement of the aggregate cash value of all the farms in the various States, made up from the census:

The aggregate cash value of the farms in New Jersey is \$120,237,511; the population is 459,655, which gives for each inhabitant \$245.60. The next of all the States is Vermont, in which the cash value of the farms is equal to \$201 for each inhabitant. Connecticut is next on the list, and nearly equal to Vermont, being \$166.41. Massachusetts is far below either Vermont or Connecticut. Her population is 994,514; the aggregate value of her farms is \$169,076,347, which is equal to only \$169.77 to each person. To be equal per inhabitant to the ratio of Vermont, Massachusetts should have an aggregate value of farms of \$199,897,314—a difference of more than \$30,000,000; and to be equal per inhabitant to Connecticut, she should have a value in farms of \$197,272,494—a difference exceeding \$28,000,000. The average in Ohio, without fractions of a dollar, is \$181 to each inhabitant; in New York \$179; in Pennsylvania \$172; in Virginia \$152. In Illinois and other Western States, although the aggregate intrinsic value is far greater, the cash value is far less.

TO CLEAN WINDOW GLASS.—Take finely pulverized indigo, dip it into a linen rag moistened with vinegar, wine or water, and apply it briskly to the glass. Wipe off and polish with a dry cloth. This method of cleansing window glass imparts a brilliant polish, and is far more expeditiously accomplished than cleaning with soap-suds or whiting.

A patent was recently issued to Thomas Moore, of Fairhaven, Vt., for "improved stove pipe tubes." An improvement which will make the putting together of stove pipe an easy and pleasant affair, will much lessen the amount of profanity in this wicked world.

For several years back, the *London Times* has been boasting of the immense resources of England, and of what quick work she would make in case of a war, on account of her inventions, skill and superiority every way. Hear now its confession, after a year's experience:

The only principle in the actual conduct of this unfortunate war has been to employ just the men, just the ships, just the material, just the forms of operation, that would prevent success.

An orator in the House of Commons was describing the inordinate love of praise which characterized an opponent. "The honorable member," cried he, "is so fond of being praised, that I really believe he would be content to give up the ghost; if it were but to look up and read the stone cutter's puff on his tomb-stone."

### State Supervision of Railroads.

Among the most important of the Acts passed by the last Legislature of New York, was one establishing a Railroad Commission. It is composed of the State Engineer, a State Commissioner appointed by the Governor, (who has selected James B. Swain, formerly of Windsor, Vt., for the office,) and a third commissioner to be selected by all the Railroad Companies in the State, acting in common. Its object is to bring the roads under the legal supervision of the State authorities and of the Legislature: to give responsibility and efficiency to their administration, and to see that they are managed for the best good of all concerned. The Commission has the power to order before it the officers of the roads; to examine them under oath as to its affairs; to require the exhibition of the accounts and books of the roads; to approve their by-laws and regulations, which shall be of no legal effect unless so approved; to suggest to the Legislature necessary legislation in reference to the railroads; with other needful powers and duties.

The necessity of some efficient means for investigating the affairs of these great corporations, and for bringing them under the proper control of the State Governments which give them existence, is apparent in more States than one. We need a Railroad Commission in Vermont. If we had had one in years gone by judiciously composed and effective, the stocks and securities of Vermont Roads would not be at the low figures they are now quoted at. The public, the State, and the stockholders, have known too little of the internal administration of our roads.—*Free Press.*

### THE KNOW-NOTHINGS IN ENGLAND.

The manifesto of the "American party" of this country receives much attention from the British press. The *London Morning Chronicle* occupies three of its columns in publishing the document itself in leaded lines, and the *Times* has a page of comment upon it, which concludes thus:—

If these are the established principles of the Know-Nothing party, we cannot but regard them with considerable sympathy. We have ever watched with sincere admiration the progress of the United States, as long as it is directed to those legitimate objects which are to be found within the magnificent territories of the Union. A less favorable opinion of their policy and condition has only been formed and expressed in Europe when public opinion in the United States was misled by factious agitators, or misdirected to objects incompatible with the rights of the world would be protected and secured by a policy which professes to concentrate the strength of the American people on American objects. The language of the new party appears to us to be patriotic and wise, and far more nearly akin to the true principles of the founders of the commonwealth than the scandalous attempts of the modern democrats to court popularity at the expense of honesty and honor. The Know Nothings owe their existence to a reaction against the follies and excesses of Kosuth meetings, of Irish journalism, of the Romish priests, and of Mr. Pierce's ministers; and it is not improbable that they will succeed in constituting the next government of the United States, as they have already returned a majority to the new Congress.

### Mrs. Stowe Burnt in Effigy.

The Washington correspondent of the *Pennsylvania Inquirer* has the following paragraph in relation to the many doings of the students in the University of Virginia upon the visit of Miss Beecher to that place:

"Within the past few days, says the writer, the University of Virginia has been the scene of incidents hardly creditable to the chivalry of the Old Dominion. Miss Beecher, an able and accomplished lady, the sister of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and of Mrs. Stowe, visited the vicinity of that institution. Her presence was soon known, and she was treated to a serenade, and Mrs. Stowe was burnt in effigy! How have the mighty fallen! George Washington, I well remember to have read, addressed a negro poetess in terms of respect, as 'Miss Phillis,' and raised his hat to a negro man to whom he would yield the palm of politeness. The present generation of young men are far wiser and more chivalric. The author-ess of the most affecting and truthlike story of the time is burned in effigy in Virginia, and her sister insulted, because she is her sister."

Governor-General Head being invited by the authorities to visit Montreal in March, lodged with Mad. St. Julien, a female hotel keeper, who has had the audacity to charge him \$1690 for three days' entertainment. The corporation, indignant at the exorbitance, refuses to pay, and Madame has, without due respect for the powers that be, brought an action for the amount against His Excellency.